

Going Green
Nymph II
by Quixerotic

Steven woke up. He enjoyed several brief moments of twilight consciousness, believing everything that happened was a wonderful dream. He hoped the unusual feeling of comfortable snugness was the lingering of sleep. Slowly, he realized that it was dark not because of his blinds being closed or an overcast day, but because he was in the pod. It hadn't been a dream at all. He tried to move, but tendrils held him in place. Assessing his predicament, he realized that the vines of the plant had woven around him completely, holding him tightly inside the cocoon. More than that, they had wound into his mouth and dug into his skin. He felt a tightness in his back, like pins driven into his spine. He tried to yell, but could only sputter and cough. This sudden effort seemed to be understood by his prison, and the thing began to release him. The vines wound away from him, and the pressure in his back was relieved. Shockingly, he realized one of the vines had been tightly wrapped around his perpetually erect cock. The outer shell of the pod opened, thick leaves moving slowly aside, giving him a view of his apartment.

Crystal had not been idle. The pod had spread. Root-like vines had crawled along the walls of his apartment sprouting leaves and flowers along the way. They had invaded his plumbing in search of water, somehow ripping out the drywall cutting into the pipe and replacing a section with a thick husk of plant to siphon off water while allowing the plumbing to flow uninterrupted. The closest window was almost entirely obscured by large web like leaves, but enough room was left for smaller vines to edge out and crawl down the outside wall spreading more leaves for greater surface area. Three larger vines led to different rooms in the apartment and along these vines, Steven saw little buds not dissimilar to the one he had brought home the night before.

As the final petals of the pod opened, Crystal walked into the room. At the sight of her still beautifully naked and luscious body, Steven felt his cock twitch. He stepped out of the pod and realized something was off about his body.

"Morning sugar lumps," Crystal said as she walked over to him. She seemed shorter. "Oh, look at you, now that's a body that can get behind me any day. Easy, now. Easy. It takes a moment to adjust. Just wait and let me get a mirror or something."

Steven didn't understand. Was this still some kind of drunken haze? Maybe he'd taken acid and not remembered. That seemed unlikely. Maybe the plant was toxic, and he shouldn't have touched it. Crystal gestured for him to come to her and he did for lack of any other ideas. At first, his steps were uneven, and his legs trembled as if he had spent all day at the gym. The fatigue evaporated quickly leaving a new assurance and strength in his motion. When he reached Crystal, she positioned him in front of a full length mirror on his closet door, and he understood why.

He was still himself, at least he knew that right away. His face had not changed much at all, perhaps his jaw was a little more defined, and a few of the lines in his face had softened. His hair looked a little thicker, and his skin was free of blemishes. Below the neck, the story was different. At his peak of physical fitness a decade before, he'd simply been flat stomached and flexing would show a biceps. In the mirror, he could see his abs. His entire body was lean muscle, his forearms and biceps bulged, his back was broad and cut, and his legs were thick and

powerful. He realized he had never felt so awake and invigorated. How many mornings had he woken up and immediately taken an aspirin to ease the ache of muscles withering away? *This must be how Olympic athletes wake up*, he thought.

Then he noticed the most significant change. Between his chiseled thighs hung his penis. Holding it at the base, he closed his fingers around its girth, but his fingers barely touched his thumb. For his adult life, he'd been able to hold his cock in his hand and have only the head sticking out, but now a full three inches remained jutting beyond the top of his grip. As he examined his new cock, it throbbed in his grip. He lifted it and pressed it against his abdomen, marveling as it reached his navel. The spongy flesh still had his normal skin tone, but the thick veins which ran underneath were a dull green. This didn't alarm him in the slightest, nor did the appearance of his balls. They had also grown to match the size of his penis, but they had the same tone of skin as Crystal, a dark hue of green. He took hold of his balls and squeezed, finding the sensation unusually pleasurable. His scrotum was smooth and hairless while his pubes had grown shorter and curlier, not too dissimilar from the vines crawling along the walls of his apartment.

"You look amazing," Crystal said, peering at him in the mirror. "Now, I've waited long enough."

She dropped down to her knees and pulled him in front of her. Steven was surprised that despite his new form, he could still feel her strength as possibly greater than his. They were positioned in front of the mirror, so Steven turned to look. He knew the man was himself, but his brain didn't want to admit it. It looked as if a model and his porn star girlfriend had wandered into his apartment for an impromptu blowjob. But the feeling of her lips sliding over his cock let him know that it was truly him in the mirror.

With a grunt, he let his hand slide down into her hair, letting her push back against it as she bobbed back and forth along his cock. He didn't remember her hair being so bright red the night before. Also, her body seemed a little more firm, not that her tits didn't look soft or her ass look pliable, but Crystal seemed more substantial. The green skin remained, but some places it had darkened, like around her lips and nipples. He focused on her efforts and let his head loll back.

Wetly, she slid him out of her mouth and along her cheek. Despite the new length and girth of his cock, she could still fit it down her throat with no complication, which she did happily. The smell of him caused her pussy to gush with fluid, and the ache of want filled her. She had enjoyed their brief coupling the night before, but his cock had been small and left her wanting more. Crystal had a hard time being patient, and she had been patient for a long time already. On the other hand, she knew the taste of a man's cum, and she longed for the hot splash in her mouth. The thought of wave after wave of the delicious nectar flowing down into her stomach made her own juices drip between her thighs. Her free hand was never idle and slid a single finger inside, admiring her own heat and wetness.

She held his balls in her hands, admiring how they spilled over her palm and rolled back

and forth as they contracted. Steven started to grunt and more forcefully hold her head in place. Crystal pulled at his balls and slathered her tongue along his cock, urging him forward. Turning his head to the side, he saw his cock bulging in her throat and her big green tits wobbling back and forth as she bucked against her own fingers. Then he erupted, spilling cum into her mouth and down her throat again and again. She moaned around his cock, continuing to suck and pull every drop that she could from his balls. Her body shuddered and quaked with pleasure as she let his cock slowly pull from her mouth. Desperate for any more of his spunk, she held him in place as she cleaned off his cock with her tongue.

Finally, Steven pulled away from her as his senses started to return. As Crystal licked her lips and dried her fingers on her tits, he put his hands up to his head and grabbed hold of his hair. “What the fuck is going on?”

Crystal stood, took him by the hand and led him over to the bed. She pushed him into the center and climbed on top of him, wedging his cock underneath her bare pussy. “As soon as you’re ready to go again, you just get hard and slide in my pussy. I can ride you and talk at the same time.”

Immediately, Steven felt himself growing firm once again. The head of his cock was positioned in the outer lips of Crystal’s pussy, all she had to do was push her hips forward and sheath him inside her completely. Steven pushed as much of that thought from his mind as he could. “What are you?”

Crystal frowned slightly, “I am a nymph.”

“Like from mythology?”

“Yes, from mythology,” she said. Her hips rocked forward with a little pressure, but then she sat back on his thighs and brought her hands up to her breasts. “Except we were not mythological creatures. We were creatures humans had difficulty explaining.”

Steven wanted to reach up and feel her breasts. He wanted to pull her down to him and suck from her tits. “Why were you sold to me in the park?”

“That was part of an arrangement made a very long time ago. My kind was hunted. Killed for being impure or enslaved for the pleasure of humans. The age of man came suddenly and brought with it restrictions that I will never understand. Few of my kind were left, and in our desperation we struck a deal with the devil.”

Steven thought it insane that he had to ask, “The literal devil?”

Crystal smirked, “In a way. The man you met yesterday is not what he appears, but he is gone. We finished our bargain, though I doubt I’ll ever know why he chose now or you. At any rate, very long ago, I was sealed away in the Seed.” She gestured over to the pod. “The man

promised to keep me safe until I could be awoken and reestablish the nymph race. We thought he meant a year or a decade. Hundreds of years passed before I was let out, but only then did he reveal his trick. I was sent to do his bidding and then return to my prison. He was not unkind about it, allowing me time to learn of the world and adapt to its changes, but then I was sealed away again with a promise that next time I would be able to go free.”

Steven’s cock seemed to have a mind of its own, it had grown quite rigid if not a full hardon. He quite enjoyed her green skin contrasting with his own. “What did he want you to do?”

Crystal bent over to him and laid her head upon his chest while her ass jutted up in the air. As her pussy pulled away from him, he realized how badly he wanted to be inside of her. She could see it in his eyes, but knew it would be better to get this all done at once. “Various things. I have certain tricks I can do, the kind of thing you read about in those myths. A man ran off to the forest to live with the nymphs, but he was turned into a tree by a rogue god and such. Those weren’t rogue gods, but nymphs. Our spores can have odd effects on humans. The stranger would want me to take men or women, but I did not ask why. I did as I was told, but enough about that. He brought me to you and finally released me. The Stranger told me your name and how you were lonely. The Seed was given to you, and here I am.”

Steven loved the feeling of her breasts squashed against his stomach and felt his cock rising up to meet her hovering hips. “So that you can rebuild your race? What does that mean?”

Crystal smiled and looked up at him, “It means we’re going to make more nymphs. This new fat cock of yours doesn’t shoot human cum any more, but nymph nectar. You can use it to ‘pollinate’ other women, and they’ll become nymphs just like me. A little more on the human side, probably, but nymphs nonetheless. We’ll spread our spores and grow a new forest, just like the old ones. We’ll have our home back with the Seed at the center and so many other nymphs to play with. Think about how many sweet pussies your cock will get to fill. You’re the father of our race.”

“You want me to make other people like this?” Steven said, bewildered. “I can’t do that.”

“Ugh,” Crystal said, rolling her eyes and pushing away from him. “Steven, I have lived a long time, and I have known many humans. Of all the people you know, how many of them wouldn’t give their lives for a chance to be like this? What you’re thinking is that same nonsense that meant my brothers and sisters were murdered. Who told you that the right way is to walk around being ashamed of your cock? In the old times, humans were nothing more than scrawny apes with enough sense to know how great fucking was. They came to us in droves. They warred to have the chance to find a nymph forest, to have only a minute with fat titties like these in their mouths, their cocks wet with a nymph’s juice. They came to us as willing slaves and would throw themselves from mountains when we sent them away.”

Her cheeks had darkened and her eyes had turned a dark shade of red. Steven could sense her anger on a deeper level though. He could feel it just as he could feel all the vines

around him. “You still wonder why they hunted you?” he said, cautiously. She glared at him. “You’re not wrong though,” he added. “I can’t imagine anyone turning down the chance to feel like this. Hell, men would kill just to sleep next to you.”

Crystal smiled at him, grabbed his hands and brought them up to her breasts. “I’m glad you can understand that.” His fingers sunk into her pliable flesh, making her body quiver with pleasure. “But we can’t be the only two. Nymphs need large colonies to thrive. Otherwise we wither away. You and I would just use each other up, like drinking all the water from a well.”

Steven’s hands flicked over her nipple, and he saw a small leak of her nectar ooze out. He raised his body up to suck. The sweet tasting liquid washed over his tongue. He his cock swelled with vigor, wedging itself between her ample ass cheeks. The potent liquid filled him with desire, and he knew it would drive anyone mad to taste it and be denied an orgasm afterward. Grunting, he lifted Crystal’s hips, letting his cock pop back underneath her waiting pussy, then he drove her down onto his shaft with as much force as he could. Their bodies smacked together wetly, and Crystal cried out in pleasure.

Eagerly, her hips ground forward against him. He let her tit free from his mouth so he could focus on his rhythm. His hand grabbed handfuls of her ass, pulling it and kneading as he tried to get further and further inside of her. Steven wanted this. They were rutting in his suddenly forest like bedroom, his partner the impossible creation of a plant watching porn, but he had always wanted this. It was a gift, he thought. The feeling of her in his arms, her pussy wrapping around his cock, squeezing and pulling with each stroke, all of it was an amazing gift. He couldn’t keep it to himself.

Steven stood up, holding Crystal’s body against him, his cock buried inside of her. Turning around, he dropped her on the bed, then flipped her over with ease. Happily, she presented her rear to him, desperate for his cock to be back inside of her. Positioning the head at the entrance to her pussy, he waited as she slowly pushed back against him, easing inch after inch of his cock into her hot canal. Once she started to pull away, he grabbed hold of her hips and held her in place. He slowly moved in and out of her, building speed on each thrust. Her ass slammed back into him whenever she was given the chance. The flesh wobbled and rolled as he pulled back and drove fully into her again. His balls slapped against her with wet thwacks, the feeling causing Crystal to mewl with pleasure. Finally, she felt him break rhythm and then felt the warm burst of cum flooding inside of her. Her own orgasm erupted through her body, causing her toes to curl, and her hands to mangle the bedsheets.

Spent, Steven let his cock slide out of her. He fell forward onto the bed and pulled her against him. His cock nestled itself back between her asscheeks, and he nuzzled into the crook of her neck. She spoke softly, “It’s amazing how much you can feel, isn’t it? Being inside of me makes you feel complete, like nothing else in the world can matter. It’s the same for me. That feeling of my pussy walls stretching to let you inside is the greatest thing I can feel. How can you not want to share that with the world?”

Steven sighed and knew she was right. He couldn’t forget what it felt like, and he knew

why men would jump from mountaintops rather than go on without a nymph to fuck. “Let’s say I agree, and we recruit some others. What exactly would that involve? Would they need to go in the pod?”

“That’s one way, but not the only way. The Seed makes the process much faster, but even just a few spores can start the process. More exposure speeds it up. You’re a walking conversion unit. Get a girl to drink your cum or fill her pussy with it and that’s a pretty large dose. She’ll definitely want more after that. Two doses, and she’ll start producing nectar herself and be more nymph than human.”

“And what does that do to them, physically?” Steven pressed.

“They’ll change much like you have. Become more ideal versions of themselves. Youthful, athletic. The process changes us to enhance our base reproductive instincts. So you have big muscles and a fat cock, and I have a big round ass, plump lips, and big tits. Sometimes things go...differently.”

“What do you mean?”

Crystal rolled over and looked at him. “It’s all biological, we’re not myth or legend. The Seed is a very complex organism, it can think and feel. We’re just the method of its reproduction. The spores can change us by modifying our base template, like a caterpillar turns into a butterfly. Sometimes it goes a bit wrong though. You’ve heard of centaurs, I’m sure.”

Steven nodded. “Half man, half horse. Are you telling me that those were real too?”

Crystal went on, “I wasn’t there, but once a forest of nymphs was being burned to the ground. Our kind was slaughtered, and their home was destroyed. The Seed of that forest grew angry at the invading horsemen, men riding on horseback I mean, and wanted to punish them for their wrongdoings. The fires burned away the roots and vines of the Seed. As it all burned, spores released into the air. The horsemen made camp nearby and all of them went to sleep. By midnight, the camp was screaming. Bones shattered and molded into hoof. Backs broke, skin peeled away to be replaced by pelt. Many of the invaders went insane, driving themselves onto their spears. Some, though, embraced their new forms, and grew all the more terrible for it. They were vicious, horrible things who took their war back to mankind for gruesome ends on both sides.”

“That’s horrible.” Steven said, his eyes turning warily to the Seed in the corner. He could feel it, listening and watching, but did not fear it as much as he thought he should.

“It was defending itself. No different than what you would have done. A few of the horsemen stayed with the Seed. It helped them understand their new bodies, and they helped protect that forest for many generations. The forest regrew in time, and the centaurs continued for centuries, at peace with the forest. I knew a nymph that said she laid with a centaur. It was an...exciting thought.”

“So, if it feels threatened, our Seed can morph people into monsters to teach them a lesson? That sounds like something we’d want to avoid.” Steven rose from the bed and walked over to the odd plant.

Crystal smiled, “Then we will protect it.” She rolled delightfully around in the bed, please that her mate had called it “our seed”.

Steven examined the vines and leaves of the Seed, “Can you understand what it’s saying?” He turned to Crystal, “I can hear it speaking somehow, in the very back of my head, but I can’t understand it.”

“You’re still new,” she said. “In time, you’ll continue to change and become more and more nymph. You’ll be able to hear what it is saying more clearly. But right now it’s only talking to you. I think it’s told me enough over the years.”

Steven looked down at himself, “I’m going to keep changing?”

“Of course,” Crystal answered. “That green tint around your balls will spread. You’ll get stronger, too. You won’t like places without natural light, things like that. I think you change internally too, but I wouldn’t know how to describe that. Nymphs don’t have much use for a lot of human organs.”

She said it as a matter of fact, and Steven didn’t know how to pursue the idea other than cutting himself open and watching, so he let it go. “If I keep turning green, it’s going to become difficult to meet new people without them thinking I’m some kind of weirdo. You probably can’t even leave the apartment, you’d get stopped by doctors or something. Shit, you’re going to need clothes too.”

“I took care of that,” she said. “I used your computer to order things. They’re going to be delivered tomorrow.”

Steven was impressed, “If you’re an ancient mythical creature, how do you know how to use a computer?”

She batted her eyes, “I told you silly. The man would let me out on occasion and show me how the world changed. He taught me about the technology of the world so I wouldn’t be hopeless when I was freed.”

“How did you pay for — oh shit!” Steven realized that it was mid morning on a workday. “My job, oh fuck I’m so late.”

Crystal rolled her eyes, “Jobs are for humans.” She walked over to him and held him in place. “What do you need a job for now that you have me?”

Steven laughed nervously, “For food and clothing, and the rent on this apartment.”

Crystal pressed herself against him, the heat of her body immediately causing his cock to stir. “We will have other ways of taking care of those things. For now we need to keep you occupied with other delights. You’re still a growing boy and any growing nymph needs to cum as much as possible every day.”

She bent over in front of him, her mouth wrapping around his cock again. She could taste her own juices along the shaft. With a long gulp, she swallowed him down to his waist. Steven was treated to the sight of her bent over in front of him, her heart shaped ass cheeks just out of his reach. Looking to his left, he saw their profile in the closet mirror. Crystal greedily sucked and licked his cock and balls while her massive jugs swayed back and forth underneath her, heavy with her nectar.

Crystal went down to her knees, keeping her hands wrapped around Steven’s cock, stroking with a consistent pace. “Nymphs love cum. They love it in any hole at any time. We love it on our stomachs or shot across our asses. We love it soaked into our hair. We love it dripping down our face. And you get to choose. Tell me where to shoot your cum, Steven. Tell me where I get to enjoy your hot spunk splattering on my body.”

Steven’s speech centers failed, but his eyes drifted down to her tits. The thought crossed his mind and immediately he felt his balls surging forward. The first rope of cum sprayed out across Crystals fat, green tits, the milky white cum dribbling down between her cleavage. Another gout splashed just on the left one. Wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure tore through Steven’s body, forcing his eyes shut. Crystal felt her pussy flowing with arousal as the hot liquid slid down her boobs. Unable to resist it, she shoved his spurting cock into her mouth and took the last few blasts over her tongue and into her stomach. Drunk on pleasure, she fell backwards, rubbing his spunk into her green skin while grinning up at him.

“You still want to go to your job?”

